

Good Morning 753

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Sto. Allan Scott, Services Greet You

IT was a gathering of the clans at 176, Clifton Road, Aberdeen, home of Leading-Stoker Allan Scott.

Your brother George, Allan, home from German P.O.W. camp, was there. He is looking very fit after three years in captivity. And he's full of beans and wisecracks, too. Says he hopes you won't hold it against him that he was captured at Tobruk in '42. R.A.F. regiment did its best, he assures you.

Your second eldest brother, John, Lt. in Special Air Service, is now in Norway. He got back from service in Germany soon after George was released, and got special leave (14 days) to come to Aberdeen to see him. Then off to Norway. John got the M.M. in North Africa, and was commissioned on the field soon after.

Your mother and dad are expecting soon to be going to the Palace for the investiture. John's been so busy he has not had time yet to get his medal!

Your parents are fine. Dad is still driving the Lord Provost round his official duties, and in sending his best love to "the Admiral"—his pet name for you—says he is dying to hear you inviting him out once more for "a big, dirty pint."

As you'll see by the photo, your two sisters, Lottie (Mrs. Deans) and Peggy (Mrs. Duncan) are fine. Your mother is holding five-months-old John Deans, whom the family say is your "double" when you were that age. He's always smiling. Your oldest brother, Bill, petty officer, R.N., is at sea, and doing fine.

When we called your mother whipped out the photo of your sub—*Rorqual*—and before we knew where we were we had agreed to get it enlarged—your dearest wish, she told us. So that's organised! Allan, and you'll be seeing it some time.

After we had agreed to do that, your Ma looked as if she hadn't a care in the world! She knew how much you wanted that en-

largement, and now she has carried out your wishes. And we were delighted to have the buck passed to us.

By the way, your brother George had some adventures after his capture. Was on the loose in Italy some months after Italy threw in the towel, and served with the partisans before "Jerry" got him in the bag again and sent him to Germany. Fred Karno's army was not in it, he says.

DAYS OFF FOR STEWARD CLIFF TRUSLER

NOBODY could blame you, L-Steward Clifford Trusler, for trying hard to get South Pond Cottage for yourself and your family.

When we called, the flowers were in full bloom, the fruit trees were loaded, and the chickens clucked contentedly in their pen under the apple tree. The River Rother, cascading past, lends the last picturesque touch to a spot that must surely be one of the most pleasing in Midhurst, Sussex.

We met Marjorie and Penny outside the house, and they gleefully confided that they had had a day off from school to have their photograph taken for you.

They both still have faith in you, and continue to hope for the pony and elephant you are hunting up for them.

Greta is no doubt more conscientious about school than her two young sisters, but she didn't mind the day off because the exams were over and she thought she had done pretty well. Anyway, she said she found them better than last year's. She is getting on well with her shorthand, and looks forward to the time when she can put it to the test.

Greenall's Last Word About That Gratuity

(It deals with some sorry professions)

BEING AN INSURANCE AGENT.

THE four branches of this profession are fire, marine, life and accident; if ever life's woes and worries were wrapped up in four words, these are the babies!

To become a successful insurance agent one must be thick-skinned, astute and minus a conscience.

A man who can badger a twenty-year policy out of me at my age, and from my appearance, knows all the answers; and one has done! An insurance agent must never take "No" for an answer; once he gets his foot in the door, he must wedge it there till his harassed victim has signed on the dotted line.

Here are a few tips on insurance, the rest is up to you, with my blessing.

In insuring life, make sure the subject is alive before taking him on; get his backers to wheel him into a strong light and feel his pulse; if there's any vultures flying around, call it a day!

Insuring against fire: Watch to see no flames are coming from the premises before parting with the policy; remove all tins of petrol or benzine that may have been left lying about; this also applies to straw, wood shavings and celluloid.

Bear in mind three lights can cause fire—gas-light, electric light, and anybody else!

Marine insurance: Make sure it is a boat you're insuring and not a half-submerged sieve. Make sure there is a boat at all!

Accident insurance: No help

can be given here; you're up against it. God be with you!

BEING A JOURNALIST.

"PROFESSION or trade of writing stuff for newspapers and magazines," so runs my book of words.

Don't touch it! Leg it while your grey matter is intact!

"It is a profession one should enter with eyes wide open, as the pitfalls are many and the competition intense," my book goes on to say.

Absolutely! If ever bread was won the hard way, this job is the one and only, it stands alone, life's one chronic worry!

This job's transformed more strong men to gibbering morons in no time than any I know!

It is also a job where no news finds one queueing up in the bread-line.

Again referring to my book, I find it is a "profession for those who can look at life and the events of the day and write of them in such a manner as to instruct, amuse and interest the public." Ever tried it?

Canute, commanding the sea to nip off and pronto, had a honey of a job to this! So had Hannibal crossing the Alps.

A few of you, laughers of life and the like, might care to have a go. Carry on—I'll be seeing you!

The padded cell next to mine is ready, with vacant possession.

BEING A SOLICITOR.

TO become a solicitor, one must first of all pass an exam, set by the Law Society, as tough a body as ever sharpened a quill. If standard four had you beat, this job's certainly not your baby.

After this short work-out, one then enters into what is known as "service under articles" for a period of five years, and for this privilege pays till it hurts!

A hundred to five hundred guineas—correct me if I'm wrong, but it seems to me one has to be in the money before one is in it!

But this is not all! They've not done with you yet! Not Pygmalion likely! A Government stamp duty is now slapped on to the tune of eighty quid, while a further twenty-five of the best is asked for admission!

I'll give 'em this, however; now you're dizzy and holding up the wall they leave you alone for a while!

But not for long. While still clutching the wet towel, further fees are required for law classes and exams; you give up eating to cope with this! To my way of thinking, one's practically out of house and home before one's even dusted the office desk!

If a success, now your all's gone, bar your bed—they leave you that, I believe—you will be admitted to the Roll, you're one of the bunch, a pukka solicitor—but where's mama's boy now? Where's the fun and games,

where's life's joys? What with myopia, baldness of the scalp, dyspepsia, and heaven knows what else, you begin to reflect, was it worth it? Was it fair to your better self?

Henry the First writhing after a dish of lampreys must have asked himself the same question.

BEING A STOCKBROKER.

STOCKBROKING means buying and selling securities, or stocks and shares, and, all for all, there's more broke than stock to this job. One starts by becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, paying a hundred guineas to mix with a howling money-mad mob! This job is open every day (bar Sat. and Sun.) from 11 to 3, come what may. Five minutes in this hell-hole would finish me! Here the stockbroker buys from or sells to a dealer or jobber (get on this bloke's



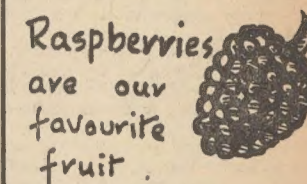
half-crown side, he knows it all!)

The stockbroker is here to represent the public, or says he is—well, that misguided section of the public who wonder if it will be curtains next week, or the week after!

These speculators who, in the hope of getting something for nothing, sell their all to back a rise in prices, are known as "bulls"; those who put their shirt on a fall in prices are called "bears"; the animal world, it seems, is well represented!

Monkeys of men are made here, too, I believe. Whether a "bull" or a "bear," you can't always win; you've got it coming to you good and proper some time!

Stockbrokers work on commission, that is, if they ever do work. To me, they always seem to be dressed up to the nines!



So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

Address :
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Before she went in to tea, Greta climbed the apple tree to shake down some apples for your wife, and there was a wild scramble to retrieve them from the chickens' run and the flower beds. The only person who didn't join in the rush was Penny, who was sitting on her swing under the trees, wishing you were there to give her a push.

Your wife hopes you will soon be following the example of Billy Chevis, who has been demobbed now, and has been making inquiries about you, and adds his best wishes to those coming to you from your own household.

Another friend of yours, Mr. Fletcher, of the Oddfellows Club, had a surprise recently, which must have helped considerably to speed him down the road to recovery. His four sons all came home together, and now their father is very much better in health as a result of this tonic.

Your own father is also getting better, and your mother happily maintains her standard of fitness.

They have been getting your letters regularly, and hope you will continue to write often, a wish heartily endorsed by your sisters and all the folk at Market Square.

Back again at South Pond Cottage, the downs are beckoning to your wife and the children, and they all look forward to the trips you used to take there, making a bonfire, boiling the water, and having tea by the river.

Returning from one of those visits, you will still be able to sit in that comfortable room where the water rushes by outside and listen to your favourite Warsaw Concerto which Mrs. Trusler is keeping carefully for you. She sees that it doesn't get picked up by Penny in mistake for her own favourite "Goosey."

By the way, those pears which peep so tantalisingly into the room will provide some of the big eats awaiting you. Your wife is having them specially canned so that you will not miss them. And, indirectly, you won't miss the apples either. There is a certain man-eating rooster in the garden who is very partial to the apples that fall into his run, and he is going to be on that special menu, too.

The subject of poultry brings us to Bob, that skittish black and white member of the canine species. He has been in disgrace for attacking a chicken, but ever since this misdemeanour he has been behaving well, so he is being forgiven.

When you get back you will find the whole menagerie awaiting you, with Bob, Tommy the cat, and Snowball and Spot (the rabbits) well to the fore.

But, until then, your wife and children send you their very best wishes and lots of luck.

PASS THE SALT

By Phillip Neville

IN our village there's a most interesting man called Captain Jones.

He's an old sailor and has had many astonishing experiences.

We have heard them many times without being bored, for the stories are never twice the same.

The one which is our favourite, because it has the most variations, is the story about the cannibals. Here is the latest.

In one of his many shipwrecks Captain Jones was cast ashore on an island inhabited by a tribe which had never before seen a white man.

They were all lining the beach as Captain Jones floated in on his log, and greeted him with the utmost affability. Apparently Captain Jones, who is a great linguist, understood their language, and cordial greetings were exchanged.

The natives expressed their honour at his visit and installed him in a hut.

One day the old chief called on him and said he was about to offer

Captain Jones an alternative of the two greatest honours the island could offer.

Captain Jones thanked the chief and asked what they were.

"You can have my daughter in marriage," said the old chief.

Having seen the chief's daughter, Captain Jones politely said he was already married, and inquired about the alternative honour.

"That is the honour of being eaten," said the old chief in a most dignified way.

Captain Jones was, in his own words, a trifle nonplussed for the moment. Then, almost immediately, his brain resumed its ice-box clarity.

"May I make a suggestion, chief?" he asked.

The chief having gravely assented, Captain Jones continued:

"I feel that this honour is too great for a commoner like myself. I suggest we eat your daughter."

The chief, a most reasonable and sensible man, said he would have to put that suggestion in front of the Cabinet.

Presently he returned, saying that his daughter was scarcely old enough for such an honour, and that the Cabinet insisted that Captain Jones accept it, and how would he like to be cooked?

Most men would have taken a philosophical view of the matter and regarded the incident as more or less closed at this juncture.

But Captain Jones was not a philosopher. He was a botanist as well as a sailor, and he had observed an interesting botanical fact about the island. It grew no potatoes.

So he said: "Well, I'd rather like to be roasted. With potatoes, of course."

When the chief explained that they had no potatoes Captain Jones flatly refused to have anything more to do with the matter.

"No civilised person would dream of eating a meal without potatoes," he exclaimed.

A marked coolness sprang up between him and the tribe. That is, with one exception.

The chief's daughter, who loved the dandy of the island, felt under a great obligation to Captain Jones for not marrying her. So much so that she brought her sweetheart round to Captain Jones's hut next morning.

He was a nice-looking lad who wore skewers through his ears as well as a ring in his nose.

"You shall not be deprived of your great honour," said the chief's daughter. "My sweetheart knows of a neighbouring island where potatoes are grown, and he will go off a few more slices and show in his canoe and fetch some for you a very amusing trick in the morning."

Captain Jones thanked them both and spent the rest of the day more liquid rubber, made it into

tennis balls, bandaged his other leg, and reappeared in front of the old chief.

Here he proceeded to bounce the balls.

To say the tribe was delighted is to describe inadequately a pandemonium.

Presently the old chief blew several sharp notes on his trumpet to recall the tribe from the farthest shores of the island, where they had run happily following the bouncing balls.

The chief, it seemed, had had the sort of idea that proves some men are born leaders.

"He's getting no fun out of all this," he said, pointing at Captain Jones. "Let's bounce him."

Still the whoop of joy, with a sternly upraised hand, Captain Jones said, "It's no fun for me to be bounced from hand to ground. I need to be dropped from a cliff to get a laugh out of a bounce."

For our Captain was not only a botanist; he was a geologist, too, and his observant eye had seen that the island was as flat as a pancake.

At that there were many groans until the kindly lad with the skewered ears remembered an island, twenty miles away, where there were cliffs.

Everyone shook hands with Captain Jones and then rushed for their canoes, and off they all set for the cliffs and the bouncing.

Here, we all feel, Captain Jones slips a fast one over us, but, as he rightly points out, what are we grumbling about?—if they hadn't seen the ship we'd never have heard the story.

Anyway they did sight a ship, and Captain Jones said to the old chief, "Here's where we all have real fun and games. There's a hundred white men on that ship and they all bounce. What about getting them to come along, too?"

Captain Jones says the whole tribe cried like babies when he boarded the ship and sailed away.

THE END

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to the part of a hammer opposite the striking face?
2. Which King of England was surnamed the Peacemaker?
3. For what sport is the America Cup awarded?
4. Which is the shortest race of people in the world?

5. Who is called the Father of Mechanics?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Paste, Mucilage, Glue, Cement, Gum, Adhesive.

Answers to Quiz in No. 752

1. Cheviots.
2. King John.
3. Billiards. Rest or jigger.
4. Patagonians.
5. Sir Isaac Newton.
6. In cricket the champion-ship goes to a team; in the others to individuals.

THE CLOGGERS HOOFED IT

TAKE a church, a vicarage, a row of cottages and you have Ancroft, traditional home of the shoemakers. And but for the Great Plague, Ancroft, and not Northampton, would have been the seat of Britain's footwear industry.

For those of you who don't know, Ancroft is in Northumberland. Take a walk, or a ride if you can afford it on a submariner's pay, from Berwick-on-Tweed to Wooler, and you'll pass through this pretty little hamlet, which lies snugly in a valley that used to be the Till valley.

Let's have a gander round this ancient joint. Ancroft Church tower is a tough-looking proposition. Built in the 14th century, it serves two purposes—it ornaments the church and serves—the past tense should be used, I think—as a pele tower, to keep an eye on the Scots who used to rove over the Border in search of plunder.

For centuries the old Manor has been owned by the Greys, the notable Northumberland family.

Ancroft was originally peopled by the cloggers, a roving band of shoemakers. When they camped at the old Border village, something must have attracted them, for they founded their community there and stayed put for the first time in their long history.

Then came the Plague. Travellers from London brought the germs northward, and they played hell with the shoemakers. The thriving community was decimated.

The cloggers—those who were able to withstand the ravages of the disease germs—packed up their possessions and started on a trek to the south.

No one knows how or why, but they'd had enough of hoofing it by the time they reached Northampton. Maybe the shoes they made weren't as good as they'd made out—or perhaps they were a utility line!

But back to the plague victims. The cloggers were among the first to practise cremation in Britain. When one of their number died, they were carried into a field on the east side of Ancroft which was covered with broom and gorse. A tiny hut was made out of the gorse, and the body laid on it.

To make sure that the germs did not spread further, the whole shebang was set alight.

There's an interesting sequel to this first mass cremation. About fifty years ago, someone wanted to plough up the old burial ground, but the authorities prevented this, on the grounds that the plague germs might still be lingering in the soil. Preliminary diggings, however, unearthed kitchen utensils, a heavy gold wedding ring—and a bow-wow's paradise of bones!

BARNEY BEDFORD.

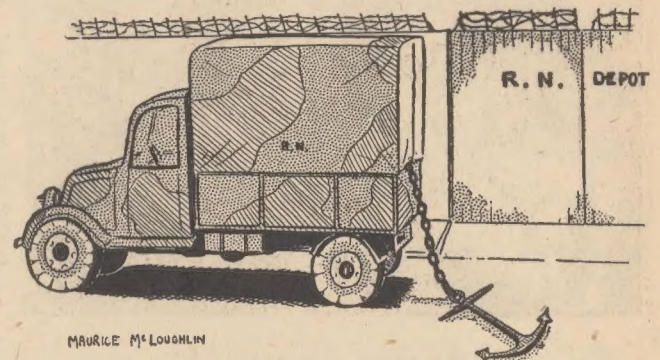
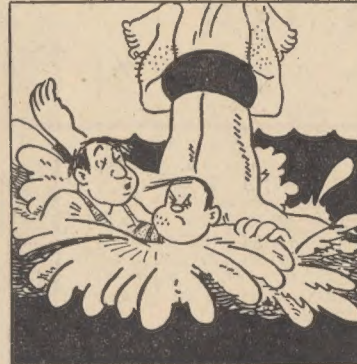
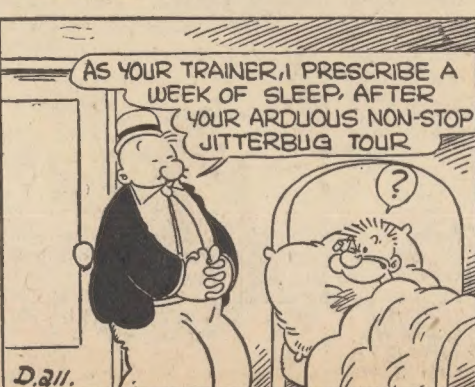
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

Wangling Words No. 691

1. Behead a bird and make it pale.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: ertuysottledeeresidesrandy.
3. What portable dwelling can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The coxswain shouted himself — as the boat went — on the top of a huge breaker.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 690

1. T-I-T.
2. Why will you wear awful waistcoats?
3. MEET.
4. Share, hares.

JANE

MR. COLLINS' POPS THE QUESTION

"MY reasons for marrying sort of person, not brought up to flatter myself it will not sink me in are, first, that I think high, but able to make a small income go a good way! This is my man in easy circumstances (like advice—Find such a woman as myself) to set the example of soon as you can; bring her to matrimony in his parish: secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness, and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness.

"Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too!) on this subject, and it was however, may live many years but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between one without resolving to choose a wife pool, at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Burgh's footstool—that she said, as possible when the melancholy 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. event takes place, which, however, Choose properly; choose a gentle-as I have said, may not be for woman for my sake and for your several years. This has been my own: let her be an active useful motive, my fair cousin, and I do it without further loss of

time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me: I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than to decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom secretly they mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have just said and shall hope to lead you to the altar before long."

Jane Austen,
From "Pride and Prejudice."

I like a bit of nagging now and then. It shows that my wife is human.

If you marry an Irish woman, you marry Eire.

PUZZLE CORNER

Here are some hidden South and South-East Coast resorts in England. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you find them?

T X A G N A H
M E A Q A A E
S O N T H O Y
V A R O T G E
E W R N U O R
B L M C A T M
C R I X U T N

(Solution to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 752.

1. r i C k s
2. t r A c e
3. m o N e y
4. d o T e r
5. s c E n e
6. t r E k s
7. f e N c e

My complaint is a very unusual one for a husband to make—my wife won't speak to me!

People Are Queer

LONDON taxi driver during the week, 61-years-old Arthur Jenkins is a countryman at week-ends. On Friday night he slips off his uniform and peaked cap, leaves his room in a London street, and goes down to Charwood, Surrey, for a couple of days at his country cottage.

Strolling through a nearby wood with a gun and a dog, or casting a fly over a local stream are his pet hobbies. But he also breeds Sealyhams, Pekes, and bull terriers.

All through the blitzes, "Jenky" stuck to his wheel, and on many occasions was a lifesaver to people in need of urgent help or wounded by bombs.

He expects his "clients" to be prompt, too. And he allows them only ten minutes "waiting time." After that, he drives off. He hopes soon to retire to his country cottage for good.

SOLDIERS and sailors in both the First World War and the Second owe gratitude to Mrs. Sarah Reeve, of Rectory Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

Although she's 106, she's still knitting for the troops—a job she began in 1914 and took up again in 1939.

Still young enough to enjoy life, she likes watching cricket matches and attend most of the pitch battles in her village—taking her knitting with her.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BUD GLISTEN
PIKE TEAM
PLENTY EXIT
RITE EMPIRE
OF ALTO ER
STUDY ADDER
P N RATE XL
ETCHER MAKE
ROLE POUTER
MELT DROP
DESPITE MTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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31	32			33			34
35			36			37	
38				39			

CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Full light. 5 Watery mud. 9 Male animal. 10 Big tub. 11 Low. 12 Astir. 14 Enigma. 16 Genuine. 18 Trial. 20 Filled. 22 Restrict. 24 Make wavy. 26 High. 29 Kid. 31 Antelope. 33 Expert. 35 Squat. 36 Dwarf. 37 Dog. 38 Weapon. 39 Business.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Small leaf. 2 Rule. 3 Get together. 4 Uniform. 5 Current. 6 Flower-cluster. 7 Foreign coin. 8 Drenched. 13 Part of house. 15 Broke out. 17 Map. 19 Self. 21 Fish. 23 Proof-corrector. 24 Conjecture. 25 Metal utensils. 27 Palm. 28 Capacity unit. 30 Handle. 32 Edge. 34 Animal's foot.



RUGGLES



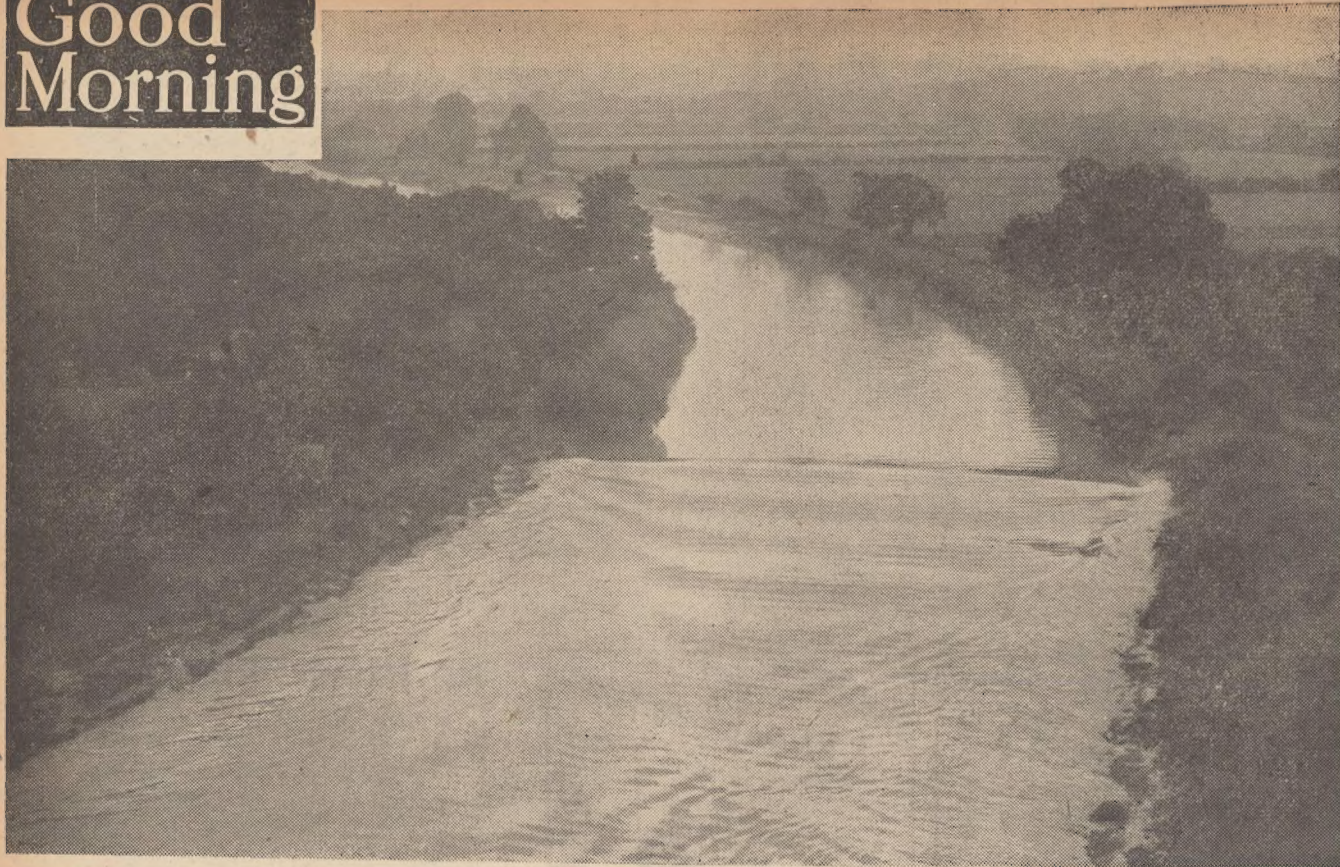
GARTH



JUST JAKE

Next morning, while the throistles rustle in the autumn russet and the copper kettle whistles winsomely on Maida's homely hearth, the Squire parts his hair and looks out...





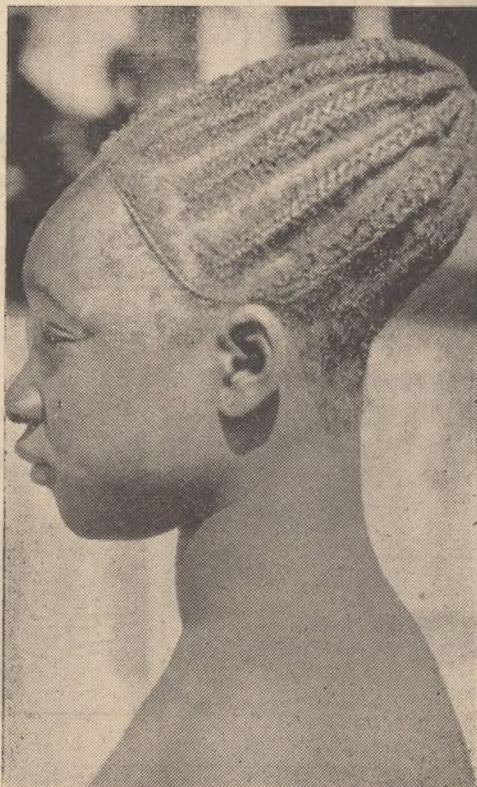
WHAT A BORE!

And this time we don't mean the Editor. It's the Severn Bore, the giant tidal wave that periodically drives up the River Severn from its mouth in the Bristol Channel. This remarkable picture shows the towering wave sweeping between the banks of the upper stream between the villages of Stonebench and Minsterworth. We don't know whether the villagers sing the well-known 'blues' "River Stay Away From My Door."



SAND BABIES.

"Fuse" Wilson, G.M. staff cameraman, took this delightful shot of two babies doing a spot of cake-making on the sand pile at the Cowley Day Nursery, in Brixton Road, London. We don't know whether "Fuse" stayed to sample the "cake" when it was done, but he's had terrible stomach pains for days now.



GOOD MORNING HAIR-DRESSING SERVICE.

We propose, from time to time to give exclusive news and pictures of the latest in hair-do's. We've got our best snoops out on the job. This is the first picture that has arrived. It's called "The Cucumber"—and, frankly, we don't think it will catch on!



LADY TRIES THE TEMPERATURE.

Now, the usual way to see whether the water's cold before going in for a dip is to test it with the big toe. Seems a pity from some angles that this young lady did not adopt the conventional method.



Here's that (Gr) Abled-bodied gal again! Personally, we can never have enough of Betty Grable—and we've got plenty of her here. We particularly admire the feather train. So much so, that we've applied for the position of Betty's train-bearer.